

from here

from here
pane warped with be,
bougainvillea a wash of next
and next,
winter, glass and gravity
rhetorical

been fretting over titles –
'history of an ocean' at present,
diary
of wetness and wonder

wheeled me to the slow brown river at the bottom of the garden
yesterday. For two hours I watched it, in the middle of the afternoon,
when I had intended to close the shutters and take a nap

been smoothing words with my tongue,
preference for thin
and lingering

sky wakes,
deftly moves into frame,
shadings almost hormonal

been musing over art aleatoric,
right angles around barometric whimsy

on the riverbank I saw five tortoises, eyes eternal and unblinking,
lined up along a muddy tree root. A sharp urge to follow my
young self as I dived into the same water, the hot sun carried
in upon my shoulders, my sturdy heart enjoying the brief
stillness – to follow my own slick mammal stream back up to
the surface, tight bubbles clinging to the hair upon my thighs

from here
pane shards into quarter tones of bird

been collecting descriptions for
surface of water –
best thus far?
'grey and still as regret'

bougainvillea breaks into its five –
sap, scream, blood, stretch
and why

I watched as my shadow turned before me, skimming along the bank.
The tortoises, as one, dropped into the water

been counting forgives

from here
can't see chemo's sallow cheeks
through the flywire

I thought, how small the river is

been drawing in quilted air,
other continents

from here
there is a particular blue
that troubles a mind

Kevin Gillam